Falst. I would it were bed time *Hal*, and all well.
Prin. Why? thou owest God a death.
Falst. 'T is not due yet, I would bee loath to pay him before his day: what need I be so forward with him that cals not on me? Wel, tis no matter, honor pricks me on: yea, but how if honor prick me off when I come on? how then can honor set to a leg? no, or an arme? no, or take away the griefe of a wound? no, honor hath no skil in Surgery then? no: What is honor, a word: what is that word honor? what is that honor? aire: a trim reckoning. Who hath it? he that died a Wednesday? doth he feele it? no: doth he heare it? no: tis insensible then? yea, to the dead: but will it not liue with the liuing? no: why? detraction will not suffer it, therefore Ile none of it, honour is a meere skutchion, and so ends my Catechisme. *Exit.*

Enter VVorcester, and sir Richard Vernon.

Wor. O no, my Nephew must not know, sir Richard
The liberall kind offer of the king.
Ver. Twere best he did.
VVor. Then are wee all vnder one.
It is not possible: it cannot be,
The King would keepe his word in louing vs,
He will suspect vs still, and find a time,
To punish this offence in other faults,
Suppositions, all our liues, shall be stucke full of eyes,
For treason is but trusted like the Foxe,
VVho neuer so tame, so cherisht and lockt vp,
VVill haue a wilde tricke of his ancesters:
Looke how he can, or sad or merily;
Interpretation will misquote our lookes,
And we shall feed like Oxen at a stall,
The better cherisht, still the nearer death.
My Nephewes trespas may be well forgot,
It hath the excuse of youth, and heat of bloud,
And an adopted name of priuiledge,
A hair-braind Hotspur gouerned by a spleene,
All his offences liue vpon my head
And on his fathers. VVe did traine him on
And his corruption beene tane from vs,

We as the spring of all, shall pay for all:
Therefore good coosin, let not Harry know,
In any case the offer of the King. *Enter Hotspurre.*
Ve Deliuer what you will Ile say tis so. Here coms your coosin.
Hot. My vncle is returnd.
Deliuer vp my Lord of Westmerland,
Vncle what news.
Wor. The King will bid you battell presently,
Doug. Defie him by the Lord of Westmerland.
Hot. Lord Douglas, go you and tell him so.
Doug. Marry and shal, and very willingly. *Exit Doug.*
Wor. There is no seeming mercy in the King.
Hot. Did you beg any? God forbid.
Wor. I told him gently of our grieuances,
Of his oath-breaking, which he mended thus,
By now forswearing that he is forsworne,
Hee cals vs rebels, traitors, and will scorge
With hawty armes, this hatefull name in vs. *Enter Doug*
Doug. Arme gentlemen, to armes for I haue throwne
A braue defiance in King Henries teeth,
And Westmerland that was ingag'd did beare it,
Which cannot chuse but bring him quickly on.
Wor. The Prince of wales stept forth before the King,
And, nephew, challeng'd you to single fight.
Hot. O, would the quarrell lay vpon our heads,
And that no man might draw short breath to day,
But I and Harry Monmouth: tell me, tell me,
How shewd his talking? seemd it in contempt?
Ver. No, by my soule, I neuer in my life
Did heare a challeng vrg'd more modestly,
Vnlesse a brother should a brother dare
To gentle exercise and proofe of armes.
He gaue you all the duties of a man,
Trimd vp your praises with a Princely tongu,
Spoke your deseruings like a Cronycle,
Making you euer better then his praise,
By stil dispraysing praise, valued with you:
And which became him like a Prince indeede,